Sir

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Sir

by mresundance

Summary

Hannibal Lecter was the kind of dominant people called "Sir" with a capital "S", the apex of the proverbial kink hierarchy. He was the kind of dominant who would leave you in a messy, blissed out puddle, and who you would thank copiously for having done so.

Which was why Will Graham, a switch, slippery and mercurial, would want to play with this man so badly that it made his very bones ache, and, loathe him equally as much.

7/3/15: I might add stories to this 'verse at a future date, but right now I have to be realistic about my capacity to write All the Things. So I am calling this complete and not actively adding any new stories for the time being.

Notes

Inspired by this post on Tumblr: "AU where Hannibal and Will knock into eachother in a adult store and they both reach for the last pair of handcuffs and Hannibal goes, “I’ll guess we’ll just have to share.”

This took a different direction than I anticipated. :)

Each chapter is probably going to be more of a stand alone vignette than a chapter in the traditional sense, just FYI.

The Dominant's Dominant

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal Lecter was the kind of dominant people called "Sir" with a capital "S", the apex of the proverbial kink hierarchy. He was the kind of dominant who would leave you in a messy, blissed out puddle, and who you would thank *copiously* for having done so.

Which was why Will Graham, a switch, slippery and mercurial, would want to play with this man so badly that it made his very bones ache, and, loathe him equally as much.

Will prided himself on his vast repertoire of skills, the many roles he was capable of playing given the scene and his relationship with partners. He had a gift for reading people which made him impossibly, improbably good at evaluating potential play partners, and sensing their limits better than they sometimes did. For some years, he and his friend Beverly (also a switch, but she submissive these days) had made a game out of assessing the newbies who came through the dungeon door. Will would watch them -- often nervous and quiet, some a little wide-eyed, and a few even mutely terrified -- and after about half an hour would sidle up to Beverly and tell her how they might identify, what their kinks were, which ones were dabblers and would drop out, versus which ones would be living the lifestyle. He'd only been wrong once.

His reputation in the community, however, was as being "difficult". If he subbed, dominants said he never *truly* gave himself over to them, and he'd never addressed a dominant as "sir", much less "Sir". Will preferred to think that he had *standards,* especially when it came to subbing, and he wasn't going to play with just anyone. And if he was a little abrupt about his refusals, a bit unkind, well, at least the people who he turned down understood clearly and completely that he'd no interest.

Which is why Hannibal angered Will. Hannibal Lecter, the dominant's dominant. When he entered the dungeon you could feel the air change; there was, always, a low tremor of fear and anticipation which rippled in his wake.

Faux dominants -- those puffed up, prideful creatures which thought that every submissive was made to serve them -- became all the more puffed up in an attempt to hide the fact they had no idea what they were doing. Other dominants, who knew themselves and didn't need to pretend, merely stepped aside. In Hannibal's presence, switches felt themselves craving submission, and submissives -- even those who'd been collared -- tripped over themselves while play fantasies took shape in their imaginations. With Hannibal, vicious sadists felt themselves suddenly lacking, and maschoists reeled with the possibilities. The pets all universally adored him because he was always kind, gentle, and firm. And newbies gawped at him -- not without reason -- but also without really knowing why either.

Hannibal had once taken Randall Tier under his care. Randall Tier had been new to the scene, and no-one could tell why Hannibal, with his experience and reputation, would take on someone like Randall who had merely been paddled a few times. Will had declared Randall a

dabbler. Within weeks Randall had become Hannibal's slave, and had once spent two hours licking Hannibal's shoes. The play that night had been rather subdued, because people could not stop watching the young Randall, naked and stooped between Hannibal's thighs. Will had watched it himself, and seeing Randall -- helpless, and mute, completely emptied of any and all desire but to please Hannibal, to do whatever Hannibal wished -- well. Will had known right then and there that if he were ever to play with Hannibal, as a part of him so ardently desired, it would also mean surrendering himself the way Randall had.

It was the kind of submission that one dreams of really, and Will loathed Hannibal for not only proving him wrong about Randall Tier, but for making him desire the same thing so very badly. For Will submission ended when the scene did. He could walk away and be himself again. The kind of submission that Hannibal would demand would be so complete and so profound that Will knew he would not walk away and be the same person again.

The idea of that elated him. It also terrified him.

So he cultivated dislike for Hannibal, in an attempt at self preservation.

Such a meager attempt, really, when faced with Hannibal on a cold, snowy evening, in the back corner of Temptations. Will would rather never set foot in a generic store like this, with its lurid displays, menagerie of cheap toys, and the smell of stale rubber permeating the air. But Mistress C's website was down -- again -- and Franklyn had -- *again* -- stolen Will's last set of bondage worthy cuffs. So Will was here, buying a cheap pair of handcuffs because he wouldn't care if that asshole Franklyn stole them.

A cheap pair of handcuffs which also happened to be the *last* pair.

"Will," Hannibal said before Will could grab the handcuffs. Hannibal seemed genuinely pleased to see him.

"Hannibal," Will said, cautiously.

There was a silence in which Will rocked on his heels and Hannibal kept smiling.

"Are you going to be attending Saturday's party?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes," Will said, a little caustic because he hadn't missed a party in some time, and neither had Hannibal. They were both well familiar with each other, and with seeing each other at parties, albeit, playing with other people.

"Excellent," Hannibal said. He gestured to that solitary pair of handcuffs hanging on the wall.

"I am here for some handcuffs, if you don't mind --"

"I do mind," Will said, intercepting Hannibal. "I don't want to be petty, but, I saw them first."

"Oh," said Hannibal. "It's only that Mistress C's website is . . . unfortunately out of commission right now."

"I noticed."

"Oh."

More silence. Hannibal was standing close enough to Will at this point that Will could feel his breath stir his hair, which was incredibly disconcerting. Neither of them moved.

"Look," Will sighed. "Franklyn keeps taking stuff in the dungeon. He's stolen three pairs of my good cuffs and I just want a cheap pair so if he takes them again it won't matter."

"Quite," Hannibal said, still not moving. "I seem to have the same problem with Franklyn. He even took one of my favorite floggers."

Will laughed.

"I wish Bedelia was back from vacation," he admitted.

Hannibal nodded. "As do I."

The owner of their dungeon, Bedelia, had been away for some weeks, leaving one Frederick Chilton in charge. As a dungeon master and one of the monitors, Chilton wasn't entirely incompetent, but he wasn't altogether competent either, and Bedelia certainly would not have tolerated the theft of toys.

But instead of contemplating toy thefts, or Chilton's shmarmy half competence, Will found himself contemplating Hannibal's hands. The heft and weight of them. How deft they would be, thudding against his ass, or in using a toy to strike him.

"Well, if you are bent upon having that pair of cuffs, I will defer to you," Hannibal said after a moment.

"Why don't we make a deal instead?" Will said.

Hannibal cocked his head.

"What do you propose?"

"You get the cuffs, but, you use your influence to keep Franklyn away from the submissives and pets."

"Chilton has been . . . watching him."

Will gave Hannibal a look.

"Oh *please*. And you know one of these days Franklyn's going to touch what isn't his. It sets a bad precedent if we know that will happen and we let it."

Hannibal seemed to consider this.

"Some might even say it's your fault," Will went on.

"How so?"

"Franklyn was your submissive for awhile, before he decided he was --" Will waved his hands. "Whatever he is."

"Franklyn was never my submissive," Hannibal said, without any hostility in his tone. This admission, however, relieved Will tremendously, and probably because he thought a man like Franklyn was well beneath someone like Hannibal. It left a sour taste in his throat to think on it.

"Franklyn merely liked playing with me," Hannibal continued. "And since he was new I thought it might be nice for him to have someone experienced helping him. But he enjoyed it much more than I enjoyed playing with him. So I refused to continue playing with him and he . . . he took it rather poorly. You are a man who has a reputation for discretion, so I will trust you to keep this between us. I believe Franklyn is compensating for . . . something . . . insecurities if you will, and acting out."

"By stealing?" Will clicked his tongue.

"Yes, and having his tantrums, and staring at what isn't his."

Will shrugged. "Still not appropriate."

"I agree," Hannibal said. "If I'd known he might act this way I would never have played with him in the first place. But hindsight, as they say. And I will agree to your deal, Will."

"Really?"

Will found himself smiling.

"Yes," Hannibal said.

"Good," Will moved out of the way. As he did he brushed against Hannibal -- their shoulders briefly connecting -- the first time they had ever touched in any capacity.

The sensation, for Will, was like having a violet wand passed over his bare skin.

"I'll see you on Saturday, then," Will said, scampering out of the store and not waiting for Hannibal to respond.

* * *

On Saturday, Will was not sure what he expected, but he did not expect to have all three stolen pairs of his bondage cuffs returned to him, while Franklyn groveled at his feet and begged forgiveness.

Will arrived late to the party. One his dogs, Buster, had gotten into the trash and eaten something he shouldn't have, and had spent the day throwing up all over the house. So Will had spent the day nursing Buster and cleaning up after him. He'd thought of calling Beverly to say he wouldn't make it, but Buster settled in the evening and Will grabbed his gear and drove out to Baltimore. By the time he arrived at the dungeon the party was well underway.

Beverly, relaxing on a couch in the lounge with some ginger ale, crooked her eyebrow as he came in.

"You missed it," she smiled hazily.

"Alana got a new flogger and used it on you?" he quipped.

"Oh no, but nearly as good," she said. "Hannibal and Franklyn had a scene--"

"I thought they weren't playing anymore," Will couldn't withhold the note of disappointment in his voice.

"No, man. No. Hannibal humiliated Franklyn. I mean, they negotiated that, but seriously. Seriously. It was pretty intense. I've never seen someone break so hard and so fast. Lucky for Franklyn because then it didn't last that long. But still."

Will felt a curl in his gut -- something equal parts pride and longing. He was proud of Hannibal in a strange way, and this made him long for him all the more.

"Now Franklyn is going around apologizing for all the crap he's been doing the past few weeks." She held up her favorite whip, which had been stolen, triumphantly.

"Nice," Will said, the pride and longing in his gut only becoming more fierce.

It was then Franklyn came up to him, sweaty, disheveled, naked, reeking of urine and humility as he apologized repeatedly and returned Will's cuffs.

After that night he would not be seen at the dungeon again.

Will was almost content to spend the evening on the couch with Beverly, chatting and listening to the activity going on next door, on the play floor, when Hannibal came out. Impeccably dressed, of course, shirt sleeves folded neatly back, shirt still tucked and vest still buttoned.

"Good evening Will," he said cheerfully. "I see Franklyn has done what I asked and returned your items."

"Yes, thank you," Will said, biting back the *Sir* that nearly ended that sentence.

Hannibal smiled. It was a smile he gave to someone who has pleased him in some way, and that smile was something Will wanted to bask in like flowers wanted to bask in the sun.

"All is well then," Hannibal said. Will saw he'd his soft felt flogger with him tonight, and he flicked the fells lazily across his palm. Will wondered what it might be like to lay naked beneath Hannibal and let him tease him with those fells.

"I am glad you could make it," Hannibal said. And then, before Will could dwell too much on those words: "Would you care to join me this evening, Will? I still have quite a bit of energy left in me."

Will opened his mouth and shut it. Beverly's eyes bounced between the two men like ping pong balls and Will could practically sense what she was thinking: *holy shit, holy shit, hoooooly shiiiiit.*

Will shook his head.

"Not tonight, I arrived late and, well," he clicked his tongue. "Sorry. Maybe another time."

"I look forward to it," Hannibal said gently. "Get some rest."

Hannibal went back onto the play floor and Will felt his stomach drop out from beneath him.

"You all right Will?" Beverly asked.

Will shrugged.

"Hannibal and you have never played together."

"No."

"Why not?"

Will laughed nervously. He contemplated fleeing to his car and driving home, but that lasted only a few seconds.

"He scares me," Will admitted.

Saying the words out loud made the fear lesson, however, and he felt a kind of relief having finally confessed.

"You and everyone else," Beverly said wryly. "Still, he doesn't tend to play with just anyone. Kind of like someone I know," she looked at him pointedly.

"Huh," Will said. And: "*Huh*."

The second time he said it, it was a sound of realization. If he didn't do this *now*, this very night, he might never again have the courage. Before Beverly could say anything else, Will gave her his recovered cuffs, told her to hold on to them for him, and then walked through the doorway and onto the play floor.

Hannibal was at the Saint Andrew's Cross in the far right corner, applying some disinfectant to the floorboards.

Will stood at attention, hands behind his back, and waited. From outside he hoped he looked obedient, compliant, but internally his heart was beating so loudly he could hardly hear anything else -- the cries and laughter and the slap of toys at work -- around him.

"Will," Hannibal said finally.

"I changed my mind," Will said.

"Are you sure?" Hannibal asked after a moment.

"Yes," Will said, louder. "Yes *Sir.* I am sure."

Hannibal smiled that pleased smile and Will knew -- oh he knew -- he was going to let this man bend him and beat him and twist him and break him and remake him, over and over again.

Chapter End Notes

I am myself very new to the kink scene, so I don't expect everything in here is 100 % accurate. I'm still learning and there is so much (happily!) to learn. So apologies for content related errors and any fudging of details when it comes to kink and the lifestyle.

Negotiations

Chapter Summary

Will turned to Hannibal now, having remembered their first meeting, and met his gaze.

"Let's dance," Will said. "You and I."

Will and Hannibal negotiate their first scene together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will had, admittedly, fantasized about this moment, about asking or being asked to play with Hannibal.

In some of his fantasies, Hannibal smiled, lean and feral, his tone dark as thunder while negotiated, before he even gave his first command.

In others, Hannibal's face lit up, as if he were some boy in love, and Will found himself utterly taken in by this unexpected warmth.

In still others Hannibal was grave; or elegant and utterly seductive; perhaps his hair fell softly about his face and eyes, making him appear all the more vulnerable; perhaps too, he towered over Will, until all the lights in the dungeon were dimmed and there was just Hannibal, and himself, together, in the dark.

In a few others -- quiet and secretive fantasies that Will languished in only in the early mornings, when he wasn't completely awake, but his body thrummed with warmth and life -- Hannibal leaned down and asked Will if he would like to kiss.

It was the oddest of all the fantasies, really. The feelings this fantasy evoked were not carnal. It reminded Will of first time he had tasted champagne. He'd only been thirteen but the strawberry sweet gulp had fizzled all the way down into his belly, and then bubbled up through his bloodstream. His clothes had rubbed pleasantly against his body, and the blood had beat in his throat, assuring him he was very much alive.

It wasn't grand or even sweeping. But it had still felt incredibly *good,* and everything in the world had been good for a little while too. Not forever, certainly, but long enough to be comforting. Will didn't know many things that felt like that -- even extremely good kisses.

So it was an odd fantasy, to think of Hannibal wanting to share kisses that felt like strawberry sweet champagne. An improbable fantasy, Will knew, but that's what fantasies were for.

The reality was Hannibal laughing.

Will had been watching Hannibal for nearly a year, with both loathing and longing, as they played with other people. And now he'd finally found the courage to accept Hannibal's offer to play. He'd marched onto to the play floor and stood as obedient as he could muster, and even said *yes Sir;* and Hannibal was *laughing*.

Will had the urge to crawl under the floorboards and vanish.

Hannibal must have seen it, even in the half light of the dungeon, and he shook his head.

"Oh dear Will, no, no," he said. "You just needn't call me 'Sir' yet."

"Oh." Hannibal's reassurance really did not make Will feel much better.

"I do like earning the title," Hannibal explained.

Will realized Hannibal was smiling at him -- *for him* -- and that did make him feel a little better.

"It's not something that you should feel compelled to call me unless you feel I have earned it," Hannibal concluded.

Now Will laughed.

"Like you haven't?"

Hannibal cocked an eyebrow. "Not with you."

Will looked at his feet, not because his scuffed boots were all that interesting, but mostly because the softness in Hannibal's gaze made him think of the kissing fantasy.

"Why don't we go to the lounge and talk? We can discuss what we would like to do," Hannibal prompted.

"But you'll lose your play station," Will said.

Hannibal shrugged. "No matter. We can find another, or, try next another day."

Will nodded. Hannibal out the flogger he had been holding in his enormous dungeon bag, and they made their way off the play floor and into the lounge. Jimmy and Brian were there at the buffet table, picking over the remains of the potluck and arguing about something to do with honey and saran wrap. Beverly was in the corner with Alana and they both seemed to be rather interested in the whip that Franklyn had returned to Beverly. But otherwise the lounge was empty.

Will settled into the couch in the corner, next to a naked mannequin they had colloquially named "Harris". Harris was a little worse for wear, with scuff marks on his throat and ankles from the various classes he was used in to demonstrate proper rope binding, amongst other things. Will was looking rather whimsically at Harris when Hannibal cleared his throat.

"May I . . . give you a shoulder and neck massage?"

" . . .uh?"

"You seem tense," Hannibal said. "I would like to give you a shoulder and neck massage."

"Oh. Yeah. Yes please," Will said, making sure he didn't add *Sir* at the end.

Hannibal's touch was deft. His thumbs pressed into the back of Will's neck, and then between his shoulders, while his fingers worked the taut muscles of Will's shoulders. Will allowed himself to relax into that, bit by bit, his earlier anxiety and fear slowing ebbing. He felt warm and safe as Hannibal's fingers worked.

"Can I do your scalp as well?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes," Will sighed, enjoying the feeling of Hannibal's fingers working through his hair.

"You have lovely hair," Hannibal commented.

Will laughed, surprised and pleased.

"Thank you? *Oh,*" he moaned a little as Hannibal's fingers pressed circles into his scalp.

"Is that your way of buttering me up?" Will said, rather languidly, after Hannibal had finished.

"Why wouldn't you deserve a compliment?" Hannibal asked in return and Will looked at his feet again because didn't quite know what to do with the look in Hannibal's face. It was full of genuine interest and tenderness.

Jack and Bella strode out of the play room, side by side, both still catching their breaths. In the soft light of the lounge area, their thin steel collars gleamed, the same silver as stars in the sky. Will couldn't help but watch as they strode towards the dressing rooms to change out of their fetish wear and into their street clothes.

It was Jack who had introduced Will and Hannibal, over a year ago. It had been on a vanilla open house, on a spring night that was so warm they'd propped the door open and cracked the windows, letting the syrupy air roll through the playroom and the lounge while people mingled and chatted.

"Hannibal, this is Will. The man I was telling you about," Jack had said to Hannibal in that boisterous, matter-of-fact way of his.

Will had looked at Jack rather sharply, wondering what he might have said to this man -- this stranger -- about him.

And then Hannibal had gazed at Will with those dark eyes. He'd had an oddly intense and cheerful demeanor even then, which had prickled Will. He knew that Hannibal was a dominant, and dominants often rankled him. Not all dominants were overbearing assholes, certainly, but Will had had enough bad experiences when he was younger that it simply didn't matter to him sometimes.

"Not fond of eye contact, are we?" Hannibal had said.

"Switch," Will had said, loudly, straightening his shoulders. It was his way of telling the other man *I'm not yours to just have.*

"Of course," Hannibal had replied smoothly. "I would never assume. But thank you for telling me."

This had rankled Will all the more. And then Jack and Bella had gone off to talk privately in a corner, leaving Hannibal and Will alone.

Will had chosen to ignore Hannibal and watch Jack and Bella. They were still entirely enamored with one another after many years of love and marriage. They even turned their bodies towards each other with a naturalness which Will envied a little. They seemed so in sync. They were collared to one another -- perhaps an unconventional arrangement, even amongst the unconventional -- but one which seemed to suit them.

"I always used to wonder who was collared to whom," Will nodded towards Jack and Bella.

"Each partnership is its own dance," Hannibal had said. "Though one partner may choose to be more submissive, or dominant, there is always the intricate play of that partnership. Roles are . . . not irrelevant in the intimacy of the dance. But they are made complimentary and equal here."

"How so?" Will had asked, interested despite himself.

"The dance is not complete without the other person. Or persons. A dance of one is not much of a dance at all, in this case."

"Uhm-hm," Will had sidled away then, not sure if he was charmed or baffled.

Will turned to Hannibal now, having remembered their first meeting, and met his gaze.

"Let's dance," Will said. "You and I."

He wasn't sure if Hannibal even remembered their past conversation, but the other man nodded, nonetheless.

"What would you like to do?" he asked.

"You touching me, to start. Sense play. To see how we play and react together. I'll be submissive unless you want otherwise."

Hannibal smiled, and it was the same smile Will wanted to bask in from earlier. He thought of it, already, as Hannibal's "pleased dominant" smile.

"I'd be honored if you would submit for me," Hannibal said. "And touching you would be exquisite. Would I wear gloves of some kind?"

"No, bare hands are good."

"Will you be clothed?"

"If you're comfortable with me being naked . . . I want to be naked."

Hannibal quirked his eyebrows. "I am comfortable with that, dear Will. I have seen you naked."

"Yes but not naked and . . ."

" . . . and?" Hannibal prompted.

"Well, at your mercy, really."

"How so?" Hannibal steepled his fingers.

"I would like to have my wrists and ankles bound, if possible. I'd be laid out, spread eagle."

"What about a blindfold?"

Will hadn't thought of that, so he took a moment to consider it.

"Yes," he said. "Yes -- oh -- yes. That would be -- really good."

"And then I would touch you, run toys over you, and tease you?"

"Yes," Will squirmed a little with anticipation.

"I think I will remain clothed," Hannibal said. "It will increase the sense of you being -- exposed and at my mercy."

"Yes," Will agreed.

"What can I touch?"

"Well, no -- kissing --" Will stammered. "None. It's just too intimate. So is biting and licking."

"Agreed."

"No bodily fluids exchange, or sex of any kind, of course. None. No oral, fingering, genital on genital rubbing, hand jobs, anything."

"Of course."

"You can touch . . . you can touch me all over. Sensually. Sensual touching is fine. Just don't focus on my nipples too much. They're very . . . sensitive and that would get me aroused pretty quickly."

"I've noticed."

"Sensually touching my cock and balls is okay," Will continued. "I'll tell you if it's too much. You can touch my ass too," Will said.

"What about toys?" Hannibal asked.

"Floggers are fine, I just don't want to be hit hard tonight I'm . . . I'm not ready for that with you," he admitted. "Some paddling is okay. I'll tell you if it's too hard. If you have your violet wand that's fine too."

"My belt?"

"Hmm, can I see it?"

"Certainly."

Hannibal undid his belt from around his waist and offered it to Will. The leather was, as Will expected, luxurious and heavy. The heft and weight of it would feel good against his skin, and the tapered end snapping against him would have a particularly lovely sting to it. He nodded as he handed it back to Hannibal.

"You can use the belt on me, but not too hard or frequently tonight. And not the metal end."

"Of course," Hannibal redid his belt. "Feathers?"

"Some. Don't tickle torture me though, either with your hands or feathers."

"Clamps?"

"Not tonight."

"Knives or claws?"

"Lightly, and carefully . . . just to tease me. No blood or marks."

"Candlewax?"

"Oh yes please," Will breathed. "On my stomach and chest and back."

Hannibal smiled. "I've noticed that about your past play as well."

Will knew he was blushing, but, they both knew how to play and what they enjoyed, so he wasn't going to be ashamed about how excited their negotiation was making him. Nor was he going to be ashamed that Hannibal's admissions of having watched his past play closely also made him excited. He'd been watching Hannibal as well.

"Should I gag you?" Hannibal asked.

"Not tonight," Will said. "Let me moan like a wanton whore."

Hannibal's cheeks actually pinked at this, and Will laughed.

"Surely you must have noticed I'm vocal."

"Oh yes," Hannibal said. "Over the tumult of people making all varieties of noise, even."

"Ha," Will said. "Safewords?"

"The normal 'red' for 'stop', 'green' for 'go' and 'yellow' for 'slow down' should suffice?"

"Yeah. And we'll tell each other explicitly, if we need to."

"Of course. How long did you want this to last?"

"An hour to start. If we want to go longer we can talk about it then?"

"Agreed."

"Good," Will said, and he felt -- confident. He felt ready.

"Oh, and one more thing," Hannibal said as they rose to return to the play room.

"Hm?"

"I would like you to strip for me first, to start the scene."

Will paused and he didn't know what to think for a moment. He had forgotten that part -- the removal of his clothing. He wondered if a first scene was too early to be stripping for Hannibal, but he also liked the thought of it.

"Yes," he said. "It's a little -- intimate -- though. Like kissing. So if it gets weird --"

"We'll stop, of course."

"Yeah. Stop and regroup, hopefully."

"I will never ask you to give what you can't."

Will nodded and together, they stepped over the threshold and back into the play area.

Chapter End Notes

So I told myself this would be a one-off, but I really enjoyed writing the first piece, and found myself thinking more about the characters and the world of the story. Also, a lot of people asked really nicely for more. :D

I tried to hit everything I knew and could find out about negotiations, but there was probably something I missed.

Hannibal is dangerously approaching levels of "dom who is too perfect to be true". I guess the way I am writing him is the way I would enjoy being treated by a dom, which is not necessarily about aggression or force, but courtesy, a sense of compassion, and patience.

Dancing

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal's first scene, with some aftercare at the end.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Play was still in swing when they returned, though several people had trickled out already.

Hannibal's play station for the evening had been taken by Beverly and Alana, to neither Will nor Hannibal's chagrin. Alana had Beverly bound, face first, to the Saint Andrew's Cross, and was using Beverly's whip by the time Will and Hannibal returned. Will admired Alana's elegance, her meticulous precision. It mirrored Hannibal's in part, because he'd once mentored her. But the way she moved was also her own, and there was a wildness to her movements which Will had rarely seen in Hannibal's.

"I suppose we could use a table," Hannibal said, over the sounds of the whip.

"Or . . . rope binding? To the floor and ceiling?" Will pointed to the end of the play floor, where metal rings had been bolted tightly into the floor and ceiling for such a purpose.

"It makes the waxplay more difficult if you're upright," Hannibal noted. "And tied for an hour like that?"

Will thought about making a bad joke about being married and tied up even longer, in worse scenarios, but he doesn't want to speak poorly of his marriage, or Molly, even now.

"You could just take me down and lay me on the floor for the waxplay," Will said.

"Yes, that would work," Hannibal said.

He helped Hannibal wheel his dungeon bag -- that enormous trunk that Will had once joked could fit a horse, to which Hannibal had given him a very thoughtful look, as if he had tried -- to the station where they would play. Hannibal borrowed a stool from an empty station and Will began to fidget.

The nervousness was back. And it was because Will kept thinking about stripping for Hannibal. The last person he'd stripped for in any context had been his wife -- his ex-wife -- Molly. Her gaze had been bright and unyielding as he'd taken his clothes off for her. They'd had a fight and reconciled, and he'd stripped, his nakedness burning with want, with the desire to keep her and hold her close, even though he'd known for months that she would be leaving him. Maybe not the next morning or even the next week, but she would be.

The idea of stripping for anyone else, even in a completely different context, made Will feel sick. It was too intimate, and too much. It was their first time playing together, and Will didn't want to bring Molly into that. Whatever happened between him and Hannibal tonight, or even in the future, was not about her. It should be about him and Hannibal, even if they only played one time. It wasn't fair, as the submissive, not to be present for Hannibal.

He paced.

"Will?"

"Yeah?"

"Would you mind if I used a riding crop on you?" Hannibal asked, looking down at his toys.

"That's fine, I think. But uhm."

"Yes?" Hannibal looked up.

"I can't strip for you," Will said. "I just can't."

"Of course," Hannibal said, without condescension or disappointment. "It's not a problem, Will."

Will was even more grateful when Hannibal turned away, allowing him to undress without being watched.

When Will was naked it was a strange relief, because having his clothes off meant that his anxiety about the stripping was behind him, and the scene could start. And he was excited about the scene still, about what Hannibal would do.

"Are you going to be all right for the rest of the scene Will?" Hannibal asked.

Hannibal only looked at his face, and not his body, which made Will feel less vulnerable.

"Yeah," Will said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Good," Hannibal said.

Will held his arms up and remained still while Hannibal carefully bound his ankles and wrists, spread eagled, so he was held between the floor and the low ceiling. Hannibal tested the knots to make sure they were firm enough, but not too tight.

"How is that?" he asked.

Will strained against the bonds. They were tight enough to hold him, but he had enough room to move just a little, to relieve any tension which might build up, or even just to squirm. His

feet were planted firmly on the ground too, which was nice. It would mean less strain on his back.

"Yes, it's good," Will said.

"I'm going to blindfold you and we can begin."

"Okay," Will said.

"You look stunning," Hannibal said before putting the blindfold on.

"Thanks?" Will said, to the dark.

He could hear Beverly gasping between blows. In the distance, there were people murmuring and laughing. A rush of air which sounded like fireplay. Someone giggling and then shouting. But Will could not hear -- nor even sense -- Hannibal. He strained against his bonds, strained to hear or even smell the other man.

"Hannibal?" he said after a moment. Still nothing.

At first he felt irritated and even impatient, but as the minutes stretched out, he gave in. There was no use being impatient. He sighed, relaxing as much as he could, and waited.

He stopped wondering if Hannibal would leave him there the whole session -- he most certainly would not, since that is not what they had negotiated -- and merely began to feel himself, in this moment. His body splayed out, and exposed. His cock dangling limply between his legs. Anyone could see him. Anyone could look at him, and he wouldn't have known. Hannibal had said he looked stunning, and the thought of being seen, bound and helpless, did arouse Will.

If Will had been able to jump, he would have. But bound, such as he was, he merely started when he felt Hannibal's knuckles running slowly over his ribs.

"It's only me, Will," Hannibal whispered, his breath against the back of Will's neck.

Hannibal's knuckles trailed down, over the jut of Will's hip, to the top of his thigh. Will felt Hannibal's other hand spread between his shoulders, the palm and fingers moving down his spine to cup his lower back.

"No one else will touch you tonight," Hannibal said.

Will made a soft sound.

Hannibal kneaded Will's ass in both of his hands. It was a methodical, sensuous touch, not necessarily erotic, but it felt good. His hands came around, one pressing against Will's stomach, the other cupping Will's cock. He held Will there, while his other hand spread over Will's chest, grazing his nipples, his breath still warm and damp against Will's neck.

Will could have sunk into that odd embrace, those firm hands and arms holding him. But Hannibal withdrew, his hands and his warmth already an echo on Will's skin. Will made an

unhappy noise.

"Sssh," Hannibal said, and this time it was the riding crop.

Hannibal didn't strike him. He merely ran the crop up the inside of Will's leg. Almost playfully, he rubbed the leather tongue along the underside of Will's balls, before drawing it back. The tongue brushed between Will's ass cheeks and Will moaned a little.

"Did you like that?" Hannibal said, pressing the crop there.

"*Ah,*" Will gasped.

"Hm, so sensitive," Hannibal said, moving the crop up, along Will's spine.

The crop came off and Will next felt the tongue press against the head of his half hard cock.

"Oh," Will groaned, trying to push back into the touch.

The tongue flicked against his head -- a quick dart of pain -- and then over both of his nipples. He moaned again and one Hannibal's hands pressed into his ass, kneading him, warming the skin.

He didn't hit hard at first. He only tapped the flesh of Will's ass, and flicked the crop back and forth over the skin, letting Will adjust to the feel and sensation.

"Ready?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes."

The first blows were tender, not even proper blows. Hannibal worked up to those, switching from one of Will's cheeks to the other. His rhythm was lazy and by the time the blows began to bite properly into his flesh, Will was flush all over, his body tingling with the sensations.

"Fuck, that's good," he said, his ass singing.

"Good," Hannibal hummed and withdrew.

Will waited, suspended in that space, warm and shivering with anticipation.

A softness rippled along his ribs. Will laughed as the feather tickler continued grazing him.

"*Very* sensitive," Hannibal said appraisingly.

"Oh shit, that's --" Will snorted as the tickler pressed into that spot just below his armpit that was especially ticklish.

"Hm," Hannibal said, putting his free hand beneath the other armpit and using his fingers to tickle Will.

"No, no," Will squirmed and laughed. "I said no tickle torture you monster."

"This isn't torture yet," Hannibal said mildly, and Will could hear the smile in his voice.

But Hannibal let off and Will caught his breath, his body swimming with different sensations now.

Will next felt a prickle, like half a dozen needles just touching his skin but not piercing, against his shoulder. He drew a breath as his hair literally stood on end, because Hannibal had one of his electrical toys out. Will could feel he electricity in the air around it as it moved over his body, not touching, just skimming.

"Yes," Hannibal said when Will fell quiet.

Hannibal ran the head of the toy down Will's chest, and Will gasped.

Hannibal ran the toy over his shoulders again, and then, carefully placed the tip over one nipple.

"*Ah,*" Will whimpered. It was a unique feeling, electricity: somewhere between painful and pleasurable and Will felt his skin humming from the contact, his cock stiffening.

"You like that?" Hannibal asked, tapping Will's other nipple.

"*Ah,* fuck. Fuck yes."

"Hm."

Will thought Hannibal might withdraw, but instead, Will felt the toy against the head of his cock -- a light, quick touch -- but enough to make Will's toes curl.

"*Ah* fuckity-*fuck,*" he said, swaying.

Hannibal did this a few more times -- tapping Will's nipples and then cock -- until Will was sweating and panting.

"Jesus *fuck*," he said. It felt like his nipples and the head of his cock were brands, and burned bright enough to leave marks of their own.

Hannibal chuckled.

"Are you doing all right?" he asked.

Will could hear the metal clank and the slither of leather as Hannibal undid his belt. He couldn't answer for a moment because he simply could not breathe: he was over-sensitized, but also, the anticipation of what would happen next overwhelmed him for a moment.

"Will?"

"Yeah, yeah. It's just a lot."

"Do we need to slow down?"

Will nodded. "Yes."

Hannibal made a soft noise and cupped Will's jaw.

"You're being such a good boy," he said. Will would usually object to being called "a boy", but the way Hannibal said it did not make Will feel at all degraded. He felt rather -- cherished. Hannibal ran his fingers through Will's hair and crooned to him about how good he was. Will relaxed and Hannibal's hands wound soothingly all over his body.

"Are you ready now?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes," Will said.

Hannibal took his time still, first running his knuckles over Will's ass, then massaging his cheeks until they felt feverish even to Will. Hannibal drew the tapered end of his belt over Will's ass, just letting him feel it. Will pushed back into that touch, making an impatient noise.

Hannibal huffed and it sounded amused. He wrapped his arm around Will and held him still, continuing to rub the belt across his ass.

"Patience," Hannibal *tsked* into Will's ear, and Will shivered.

The first blows were soft, barely noticeable, and spaced far apart. Will began to whine and whimper, and then, to beg, because he couldn't stand it much longer.

"*Please,*" he said.

"Please what?" Hannibal said, and there again was a smile in his voice.

"*Harder*, please," Will said.

"You can beg better than that," Hannibal said.

"Please," Will said, pitching his voice. "Please, Sir, I want you to hit me harder. I want it so badly. I'll be such a good boy for you if you do. *Please*."

Hannibal clicked his tongue at the "Sir", and Will wondered if it was too early. Nonetheless, Hannibal grabbed Will's hair, pulling so that Will's body strained against his bounds.

"Harder?"

The next blow as hard -- not as hard as Hannibal could hit -- but it shuddered through Will's whole body.

"Yes Sir, please, Sir, please, I want it hard --"

The blows came both faster and harder, the belt snapping against Will's ass and thighs until he was shaking all over. He made breathy *oh* sounds as Hannibal struck him.

After a moment though the pace slowed and the blows were softer, and then replaced by Hannibal's hands massaging him, gently.

Will made a low noise in his throat, sagging down against his bounds.

"I think waxplay after this might be ill advised," Hannibal noted.

Will nodded and made a guttural noise of agreement.

"More?" Hannibal asked, still rubbing Will's ass.

"Yeah," Will managed.

"Such a good boy," Hannibal said, and his praise made Will smile and arch back into him.

He spanked him with the belt for awhile longer, the both of them enjoying the throb of energy between them, the little noises Will made. He wished he was bent over -- something about being on his hands and knees would have made it all the more enjoyable, because it would have made him feel dominated -- but this *was* good. Hannibal's blows were firm, but he wasn't trying to break Will today, or push his limits. And Will enjoyed the way the belt whipped over his flesh, leaving thick, white hot stripes of pain and pleasure. They would pink and then turn blood red. Later, Will would be admiring Hannibal's handiwork in the mirror and Will would find himself wanting more.

He moaned at the thought, as Hannibal delivered a few more vicious strikes with the belt. His blows slowed and softened again, until they were mere taps, and he cupped Will's ass in his hands one more time.

"Was it good?" he asked.

Will nodded because that was all he was capable of.

He felt Hannibal loosen the bounds and then put his arms around him, so he wouldn't fall. Hannibal guided Will to the floor as if he weighed nothing -- which was ridiculous because Will was certainly not a small man -- but he felt boneless and aching like this, and the world pulsed around him, red and pink and orange. Hannibal wrapped Will in a blanket, and the blanket was so soft that Will gasped again, wriggling against Hannibal. Hannibal cradled Will in his arms.

"Good boy," he said, rocking Will. "Good, good boy."

They had not said anything about aftercare during their negotiations. There hadn't been much need. Will was known for requiring extensive aftercare, and Hannibal refused to play with anyone who didn't want aftercare.

But now, in this space, where he was utterly unmoored, he strangely thought of Molly again, and how she'd left, and grabbed onto Hannibal.

"It's okay Will," Hannibal said. "I'll be with you as long as you require it."

Eventually, Hannibal helped Will to his feet, and guided him to the couches in the corner, near the entrance of the play floor. They sat there, Will still blanketed and pressed against Hannibal in one corner of the large couch. On the other end of the couch, Beverly, wrapped in her own aftercare blanket and snuggling with Alana, said something to Will.

Her words were very far away to him. Will was in what he called his "wordless place", the place after a scene where he couldn't even speak. Everything but Hannibal seemed muffled and dim to him. He buried his face in Hannibal's chest. It was dark here, in the blanket and Hannibal's arms, and comfortingly warm. Hannibal kept touching him -- massaging his ass, his back, his belly, then his wrists and ankles. Will felt almost as if he were like clay, and Hannibal was shaping him back into himself.

As his awareness returned, the room became both larger and smaller. Larger because it was filled with more people than Hannibal. Smaller because that black, wordless space always seemed so immense.

He opened his eyes. The soft lights were over-bright to him, and he grunted in protest.

"He's always so cute, like a little baby," he heard Beverly this time, and knew she was teasing him, lovingly, about his aftercare state. He turned a little towards her and stuck out his tongue.

"There he is," Beverly chimed. Alana smiled.

"How are you?" Hannibal asked.

"Good," Will said.

He rested against Hannibal. He felt so solid to Will. He wouldn't have minded staying with him for hours, just like this.

"Good," Hannibal said. "Do you want anything? Food? Soda?"

"Not right now," Will said, putting his arms around Hannibal. "Not yet."

"Whatever you need Will," Hannibal said, stroking Will's hair.

Will sighed. He was safe here with his friends, with Hannibal.

Chapter End Notes

> Woah, like, being tied up and struck hard with either a riding crop or a belt for a first scene is a bit much, but, Will is an experienced bottom. If you were a new bottom you wouldn't want to to do this in all probability. Even if you did, your top should probably be like "uhm, let's start somewhere a little gentler okay?" Play safe kids.

Works inspired by this one

(Podfic) Sir by Hannibible-and-The-Holy-Graham (Just_East)

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